

Attention

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[John "Soap" MacTavish/Gary "Roach" Sanderson](#)

Character:

[John "Soap" MacTavish](#), [Gary "Roach" Sanderson](#), [Simon "Ghost" Riley](#)

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Attention

by [fixfoxnox](#)

Summary

Roach knows that his boyfriend is a busy man. He's a Captain in the military with so many responsibilities. Still, with another day of plans missed in favor of paperwork, he's craving attention and he intends to have it.

Inspired by art made by the wonderful [@miilkybnn](#) on tumblr!

Notes

Find the art that inspired this fic [here](#) and [here](#)!

Roach tapped his foot impatiently on the ground, nerves tugging at his chest. The longer he stood and the more nervous that he got, he already felt like he was on the verge of tears. The sound of his foot tapping impatiently rang around him, echoing in the dark to mix in with the sounds of crickets and frogs serenading the night. It only drove home the silence that surrounded him.

He crossed his arms over his chest, feeling the need for some sort of comfort as he glanced once again at the front door of the building. He was trying his hardest to give Soap the benefit of the doubt. He was hoping beyond hope that the man had simply gotten caught up in his paperwork and was rushing out to meet him now. They had reservations. They had plans. Roach had cleared his entire schedule to make a cute night out with his boyfriend. He'd even gone so far as to stash some...things in their shared room for when Soap would inevitably turn grabby, and they'd return to their room together.

Roach should have known better. At this point, he should have expected it because, well, Soap was Roach's boyfriend, but Captain MacTavish always won out over Soap and, by extension, Roach. Usually, it wasn't a problem. Usually, he loved how hard working and dedicated Soap was to his work and to the team. Usually.

Now, though, with the last four of their dates either canceled or rescheduled or changed because Soap had gotten himself too caught up in work to remember, Roach was frustrated. He'd had his fill of Captain MacTavish. Now he wanted *his* Soap. Roach wanted to finally have the man's attention to himself. No phone on just in case someone needed to call. No late dates. None of that. He wanted Soap to focus on *him* , to put *him* in front of his work at least once.

The door beside him opened, and Roach turned quickly, hope filling him as he did. It was dashed to pieces as he met the eyes of Ghost. Not Soap. He deflated a bit, tucking into himself further as he turned away from his Lieutenant.

"Well," Ghost chuckled while taking several steps forward, "don't look too happy to see me." He nudged Roach's side playfully before digging into his pocket to pull out a pack of cigarettes. Roach watched him pop one into his mouth before flicking open a lighter he'd pulled from who knows where to light the end of it.

"Sorry," he apologized quietly, his voice betraying how upset he was. "I was just expecting -"

"Captain?" Ghost guessed. He glanced at Roach from the corner of his eyes, and Roach avoided his gaze. He turned his attention to the ground, kicking at a rock with his foot as something heavy laid over his chest. "He's in his office. Buried in paperwork like usual."

"Of course he is," Roach grumbled under his breath. He didn't want to be mad. Roach wasn't someone who typically held things against others. In fact, oftentimes, he'd been told by members of the team that he was far too forgiving. He just couldn't shake it, though. He didn't like being angry. Now, though, there was a bubbling of white hot anger that seemed to move through his veins and simmer in his chest. He didn't like being angry, but God, he was so mad.

"I'm guessing," Ghost leaned against the wall next to him, crossing his arms over his chest before reaching up to pull the cigarette from his mouth, "You two had plans?"

"Yeah," Roach brought a hand up to rub over his face, trying not to let too much of his anger show. "Yeah, we did." He pulled his phone from his pocket, dialing the number of the restaurant and hovering his finger over the button to call. He needed to cancel their reservation and let the restaurant know that they could give the table to someone else. He didn't call. Instead, he just stared at it until his screen went dark. "I guess I should go back inside. If he forgot, then there's no point in waiting out here for him."

He tucked his phone back into his pocket and tilted his head up, looking at the dark sky above them for several moments. "You know," Ghost started carefully, "I hope you don't plan to let him off the hook easy for this one."

Roach turned toward him quickly, dread pooling in his chest. "What?"

Ghost took his time in responding, puffing out the smoke from his cigarette for several long moments. "This is, what?" He tilted his head at Roach, "Date number three that he's done this to you?"

"Four," Roach corrected quietly. "It's the fourth time."

"Four times is too many," Ghost shook his head and gave a small tut. A moment of silence hung in the air between them. Roach knew Ghost was right, of course, he knew Ghost was right. He'd been thinking the exact same thing. The only difference is that he knew he'd never have the guts to voice it.

"I know," he agreed. "I don't know what to do."

"Talk to him," Ghost suggested. Roach watched him toss his cigarette but to the ground and stomp his foot over it. "Get mad, Roach. I can see you're upset. Make him realize that you're upset." He pushed himself off of the wall and started back to the door of the building. Suddenly, he paused.

There was a moment that passed before he turned around and marched back over to Roach. "I'm serious, you know?" His voice was careful, and he reached up to pull the sunglasses from his face and lift his mask up enough that Roach could talk to Simon. Not Ghost. Simon.

"I know," Roach answered him quietly.

"You're worth more than what he's giving right now." Simon shook his head at him and made sure to meet his eyes, "You gotta make him realize that. Get mad. Yell. Punish him. Do something and -" he cut himself off with a click of his tongue and a shake of his head, "and don't stop until you've made him *grovel*. Until he's *begging* you to forgive him."

The two locked eyes and, for a long moment, they stayed like that. Understanding passed between them. "Thanks, Simon."

Simon hesitated for a long moment before giving Roach a nod. He tugged his mask back down and threw the glasses on top, leaving Roach staring at Ghost once again. Ghost leaned forward to give his shoulder a slight squeeze. "Give him hell, Bug."

With those words, he turned and quickly disappeared inside, once again leaving Roach alone in the dark of the night.

Roach stood outside of Soap's office, his eyes trailing over the neat name plate on the door. Captain John MacTavish. He could hardly stand the sight of the name at the moment. He was mad at Captain MacTavish. He was mad at Soap.

Still, he kept his composure. He didn't like being mad, so he tried not to be as he reached up to give several quick knocks to the door. He knew Ghost wanted him to be mean, wanted him to be mad, but Roach couldn't. He just wasn't like that.

He waited patiently, listening for any call from the other side of the door. Nothing. He knocked again. Another few minutes went by, and there was still no response. He didn't knock again. He knew that if

Soap hadn't answered, that meant that the man was too far into his work to pay attention to him. Too far in to actually hear when someone knocked.

He pushed the door open without any further alert of his presence. The door opened silently, but Roach wasn't quiet as he stepped into the room and shut it a little louder than he normally would behind him. His eyes were locked on to Soap the entire time, but he only received a brief glance from Soap before the man focused himself back on the papers on his desk. A flash of anger burst through his chest at the move, but he ignored it.

He stood at the door for several moments. The only sounds in the room were the ticking of the clock on the wall and the scratch of Soap's pen on paper. Roach waited patiently, giving Soap the chance to acknowledge him. To maybe realize what he'd done and apologize before Roach had to spell it out to him. He could never be so lucky.

He took slow steps toward Soap's desk, the sound of his boots hitting the floor echoed around him. He crossed his arms over his chest as he stopped in front of Soap's desk. He waited another moment, but Soap still never looked up at him. Finally, in a voice that was much calmer than he felt, he asked, "Did you forget something?"

Soap glanced up at him from his papers again, but it was clear to see that he still wasn't paying attention. His mind was focused on work and work alone. Something about that made Roach angrier. "I don't think so." He answered back quickly.

"Soap." Roach called his name, his voice betraying how annoyed he felt. Soap didn't look up at him again. "Soap." Roach spoke a little louder. His voice was a little harsher. "Soap!"

Roach gave in to the anger he felt just briefly, just long enough that he didn't even think before rounding the desk and grabbing the paper that Soap was working on to yank it out from under his pen. The move left a streak of ink across the paper, and Soap was quick to stand up, his own face ticked with annoyance. Still, he didn't look at Roach. Instead, he just tried to fix the papers that Roach had displaced.

"Roach, I really don't have time for -"

"Soap," Roach reached out to grab Soap's face, tired of trying to get his attention. He used his grip to turn Soap so that he was forced to look at him. "Look at me!"

There was a pause. Soap blinked at Roach in shock, his entire face betraying his surprise. Roach could see the beginnings of a blush raising across the other man's face, and a part of him felt more than smug about that fact. "Roach," Soap breathed out. Slowly, Roach released his hand on Soap's face.

He took in a deep breath, trying to remember himself. He didn't want to be angry. He didn't like being angry. "Soap," he met his boyfriend's eyes, "did you forget something?"

Soap stared at him, searching his face for a long moment. Roach could see the moment that realization dawned on his boyfriend's face, the moment that he realized that he had indeed forgotten something. "Roach," he breathed out again, "I am so sorry." Roach turned away from him, leaning against his desk for support. "I am so so sorry, I just got caught up and-"

"It's alright," Roach assured him, shaking his head at himself as he did. "I already canceled the reservation."

"Let me make this up to you?" Soap turned back to his desk, "I swear I will make this up to you, okay? Just let me finish this paperwork, and I'll take you out."

Roach's head shot to the side, his eyes wide as he watched Soap sit back down in his desk chair, his attention returning to the papers in front of him. "Are you-"

"I promise I will fix this," Soap pulled some of the papers back in front of him, "I will make this up to you tenfold and we'll go get something to eat and we can reschedule our date night. I'll take the next one off-"

"That's what you said this time," Roach reminded him, still watching with wide eyes and growing anger as Soap returned his attention to the papers, his pen already scratching at the paper again.

"Yes, but I'm serious this time." Soap muttered the words, his attention already gone from Roach. With it went Roach's patience.

"You-" Roach's clenched his jaw, a burning heat of anger flooding through him. He could hear Ghost's words echoing around in his head.

"You gotta make him realize that. Get mad. Yell. Punish him. Do something, and don't stop until you've made him *grovel* . Until he's *begging* you to forgive him."

Before Roach could really think over what he was doing, he'd moved his hands to Soap's shoulders and shoved, pushing the man back until his chair was far enough from the desk that he could clamber onto his lap.

"Roach?" Soap's hands flew to Roach's waist, but Roach didn't let them stay there for long. He grabbed at Soap's wrists and with a surprising amount of strength and a lot of help from Soap being caught off guard, he was able to yank Soap's hands away and pin them to the arms of the chair he was in. "Roach?"

"Keep them there," Roach hissed, his face serious, "don't touch."

Soap's eyes widened, and Roach could see that blush from before return. This time, though, it stayed to linger over Soap's cheeks and trail down his neck. "Roach," he breathed out, "what's going on?"

"Do you know how many of our dates you've blown off in a row?" Roach asked him, his voice deceptively calm. His face was still stormy, though, and even as he moved closer to Soap, pressing their hips together temptingly, it didn't fade.

"I," Soap stopped for a moment, his mind fully registering what Roach was asking him. He felt his heart sink into his chest as he realized exactly what this was about. "I don't know."

Roach scoffed and ground his hips down, pulling a gasp from Soap's lips and a small sigh of satisfaction from his own. "Four dates," he glared at the man beneath him, "Four dates that you've blown me off on." He paused for a moment before adding, "I'm beginning to think you're trying to tell me something."

"No!" Soap rushed to speak, but he cut himself off as Roach rolled his hips against him again. "No, ah, uh, no Roach, that's not what's been happening."

"Why then?" Roach asked the words carefully. He carded a hand through Soap's hair, tugging until the other was forced to meet his eyes and hold his gaze as Roach asked, "Is your work more important than me?"

"No," Soap was quick to assure, "of course not Roach thats not- oh fuck!"

Roach cut him off with a hand pressed against his crotch, palming him through his pants. He could feel as the other was growing harder

against him. "Really? Then why won't you pay attention to me, hmm?"

"I do pay attention to you," Soap moved his hands from the arms of his chair, once again wrapping them around Roach's waist to tug him closer, "I've just been -"

"Ignoring me," Roach finished, glaring him down, "and blowing me off for paperwork. Is paperwork more interesting than me?" He tilted his head before moving closer, not stopping until his lips were just hovering over Soap's.

"No," Soap shook his head rapidly, "of course not."

"Apparently, it is." Roach reached back to once again grab Soap's hands and press them against the arms of the chair. He gave the man a glare before releasing his grip on Soap's wrists, reminding the man with only a look that he shouldn't move. A hand returned to Soap's hair, giving a slight tug at the strands between his fingers. Soap groaned at the slight pain.

"Since you can't pay attention to me," Roach rolled his hips against Soap's again, a satisfied groan leaving his lips as he felt Soap's hard cock against his own arousal, "You're going to keep your hands off and *watch* . Understand?"

He tugged at Soap's hair again and, in return, he received several rapid nods from the man.

"Good boy," Roach leaned forward to press a short kiss to Soap's lips, only letting the touch linger for a moment before pulling back.

He leaned away from Soap, just enough that he could get a hand between them. He let his fingers brush down Soap's chest, a sick amusement filling him as Soap tried to subtly lean into the touch. He trailed his hand down further and further until he could press his hand against the prominent bulge in his boyfriend's pants.

He took his time, offering a teasing massage of his hand over the other man. Soap's head tilted back, little gasps of pleasure leaving his mouth as Roach touched him. "God," Roach watched as his eyes closed and his mouth fell open. "You're so perfect. It feels so good."

Roach removed his hand at those words, causing Soap to lean back up and look down between them. Roach didn't touch him again, and he hardly paid him any mind. Instead, he let his hands lower to his own pants.

He wasted no time, swiftly undoing his belt, followed by the button and zipper of his trousers. He tucked his hand into his pants, stroking himself over his underwear for a long moment, letting Soap watch the movement of his hand and hear his little pants and moans.

"If only it was you touching me," Roach whispered the words, letting them sit heavily between them as he finally pulled his underwear down, pulling his hard cock out to let it rest between their bodies. The tip of his cock was resting against Soap's stomach and Roach could hear his boyfriend's stuttered breath.

"It could be me touching you," Soap managed to choke out. He and Roach gave a simultaneous groan as Roach wrapped a hand around himself, starting a slow rhythm with his hand. Roach noted the harsh grip that Soap had on the chair, clearly wanting to move and take over control of the situation.

Roach let himself fuck his fist, moving with slow but tight strokes over his cock. He felt unbelievably hot and he had to admit that having Soap underneath him, listening to whatever he said, it was so hot. It was meant to be a punishment and make the other realize what he was missing, but Roach found himself enjoying the desperate attention and pleas of the man underneath him.

"No, no," Roach sped his hand up, the feel of his hand on his heated skin was almost too much, "you clearly don't want to touch me." He leaned back, using Soap's desk to keep himself up and push himself that much further from Soap's touch. He tilted his head back as he sped his movements up, fucking his fist quicker with little jerks of his hips. "Fuck," he whined out.

"Roach," Soap gave a groan, "I'm sorry, really I-"

"You're not sorry," Roach cut him off, his voice a mix of harsh desperation. "You just want to touch." He brought his free hand up, slipping it under his shirt to toy with his nipples beneath the fabric. He could hear Soap's breath hitch at the move. "Is this what I have to do to get your attention?"

He flicked a finger over one of his nipples, trying to mimic the way that Soap would always tease him when they were together. It wasn't the exact same, but it was good enough for Roach, who happily groaned at the feeling. Every touch sent a spark down his spine that went straight to his aching cock. Every groan and desperate plea for him that left Soap's mouth followed a similar path, though they

burned Roach with both pleasure and anger.

Several moments of silence lingered between the two, filled only with the sounds of Roach's pleased moans and Soap's answering groans. Roach could feel how hard the man was underneath him, the length of him pressing against his ass. Roach gave himself a moment longer of just stroking over his cock before he finally started to rock his hips, grinding purposefully against the man beneath him.

Soap's own hips jolted up a bit, trying hard to seek some sort of relief to his own arousal. Roach allowed him the movement, knowing that it was next to nothing for the man beneath him. He knew that it would take Soap much more than the rocking pressure that he was offering. The man would only drive himself crazier. The thought made him feel a bit satisfied. Let Soap be the one craving his attention.

Their moans joined together, both of them panting and groaning as the temperature around them grew hotter and hotter. Roach sped up his hand, his legs beginning to shake just a bit as pleasure zipped up his spine and coiled tighter and tighter in his gut.

His skin felt hotter and hotter, and soon, he was jerking forward, burying his face into Soap's neck as it grew to be almost too much for him. He whined into Soap's neck, pressing desperate kisses there as he continued to fuck into his fist, the tip of his cock rutting up against Soap's shirt adding just an extra bit of pleasure.

"I miss you," he managed to choke out between his moans, "I miss you so much. Fuck I want- oh," he gave several open mouthed pants against Soap's shoulder. He could feel as one of Soap's hands moved away from the seat to grab at his hips, helping him continue to rock forward into his fist. He couldn't find it in himself to chide Soap at the moment, not when he felt an odd mix of anger, sadness, and overwhelming pleasure swarming together to create a cocktail of desire.

"I wish you would choose me over work," he managed to choke out after a moment, "I wish you'd pay attention to me."

There was no moment for Soap to respond. Roach was already too far gone, his mind fizzing out around the pleasure of his hand as his words devolved into nothing but chants of Soap's name. It only took him a few more moments before his body went completely tense, his cock jerking in his hand as pleasure washed over him and he came across Soap's stomach.

He collapsed fully against Soap's shoulder, a small whimper escaping his throat as his oversensitive cock brushed against the other's now dirtied shirt. Soap helped him settle down fully into his lap. Neither of them said a word, even as Soap remained hard against Roach's thigh. They just sat there for several moments, wrapped up in the other.

Eventually, Roach pulled back and started to climb off of Soap and fix himself up. He tucked himself back into his pants and started to redo his belt

"Um," his voice cracked a bit, and he reached up to wipe at his face, already feeling as though tears were slipping down his face, "I'm gonna go back to the room. I'll see you when you get done?"

"Roach," Soap tugged him closer, reaching out to wrap around his waist and pull him closer. Roach placed his hands on Soap's shoulder and looked down at him, trying hard not to let too much show on his face. Soap met his eyes and held his gaze for a moment. "I am sorry."

"Soap," Roach started trying to tug himself away, but he was quickly pulled back by Soap.

"No," Soap tugged him back, "I really am sorry, okay? I didn't realize what I was doing. I didn't realize I was hurting you." He tucked Roach tight against him, holding him as close as he could. "It's not an excuse. I shouldn't have done it."

"It's fine," Roach muttered quietly. He brought a hand up to Soap's hair, petting through it for several moments as Soap laid a head on his chest. "I know work is important."

"Not as important as you," Soap whispered back. Roach felt himself go warm at the words, a fluttery feeling blossoming in his chest. Hearing those words made him feel good. It made him feel wanted. "I'll make this up to you."

Roach shook his head, a small smile tugging at the side of his mouth, "Soap you don't have to-"

"I'm serious," Soap stood from his seat and pressed Roach back against the desk. "I'll take the entire day off, and I'll make the plans." He leaned forward to press a short kiss to the corner of Roach's mouth, "I won't even bring my phone. It'll be a day about just me and you. I'll give you all the attention that you deserve."

He pressed forward again, capturing Roach's mouth against his own in

a slow kiss. Roach couldn't help but relax into the feeling, letting Soap work his magic with his mouth. It was calming to just let Soap press into him like this. "I would like that," Roach muttered against his lips. "I would really like that."

Soap pulls back and grabs Roach's hand in his own. "C'mon, let's go get something to eat. I can finish this stuff up tomorrow."

He starts tugging Roach toward the door, but Roach yanks back on his hand, stopping him. When he turns back to Roach with an eyebrow raised, he's met with a slight grin from the other. "Maybe we should both go change first? And take care of some other things."

Roach motioned down at Soap's body, toward the cum still staining his shirt and the very clear hard on that he still had. There was a moment of silence as Soap looked down at himself before he gave a quiet, "Ah," and looked back up to meet Roach's eyes. He watched for a moment as Roach tried to hide his laughter behind his hands. He could feel amusement pull at him as he took stock of the situation. "This is your fault you know."

Soap took a step toward Roach, a grin on his face. Roach gave another laugh into his hands and took another step back, "It absolutely is not."

"It is," Soap chimed. He started toward Roach with a grin, and Roach gave a nervous squeak before rushing back around the desk with a laugh, "You've got to help me with this, you know?"

"No, no," Roach tried to dodge around Soap, but he was quickly hauled back toward Soap and pressed closer to him again. He gave a laugh, completely uncaring as the cum on Soap's shirt transferred to his own. It already had once before, so he wasn't too worried. Instead, his attention was focused on the hard cock he could feel pressed against him.

"C'mon," Soap nipped at his neck, a grin clear to hear in his voice, "didn't you want my attention? You've got all of it now, Bug."

Roach did always enjoy Soap's attention.

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